1922

Flamingo Vol. III N 7

William A. Vogel
Denison University

Delmar Ubersax
Denison University

Ted Robinson
Denison University

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ANTOINE LAURENT LAVOISIER
1743-1794

They couldn't destroy the work he did

"The Republic has no need for savants," sneered a tool of Robespierre as he sent Lavoisier, founder of modern chemistry, to the guillotine. A century later the French Government collected all the scientific studies of this great citizen of Paris and published them, that the record of his researches might be preserved for all time.

Lavoisier showed the errors of the theory of phlogiston—that hypothetical, material substance which was believed to be an element of all combustible compounds and to produce fire when liberated. He proved fire to be the union of other elements with a gas which he named oxygen.

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The Denison Flamingo

Volume 4
Number 7
It was Christmas Eve in Greenwich Village at the sign of the Pig and Whistle. It was crowded, and the air was blue with smoke and sharp with the smell of coffee. Yet the thicker the air the sharper cut and more hair-splitting the discussions, especially at the table by the far window where a group of five men were arranged four against one in animated argument. They were all hotly advocating the new Tchizt school of straight line impressionism and railing more earnestly their opponent, who still clung to the ancient doctrine that the curve is the line of beauty. The enemy was much older, perhaps thirty-three; he was known in the Village as the Rebel—perhaps because his name, Tell, was suggestive of the Swiss patriot; more probably because he was intolerant of any and all domination, even of intolerance itself.

A good-natured laugh from the vanquished followed him as he turned to thread his way between the tables, now and then stopping to answer long-distance greetings, or pay back a hilarious sally. In the shadows he almost passed by without noticing the slight figure waiting in the shelter of the area-way. But he heard his name spoken in a soft, low voice with a decided accent, and turned to see a lanky lad of fourteen years standing beside him, cap held respectfully under one arm, his shaggy thatch already gleaming with rain.

"Hello! That you, Whiz?"

"Yes, suh. May I walk with you, suh?"

"Sure thing. Were you waiting for me?" asked Tell abruptly, turning quickly to look at his companion.

"Yes, suh. Whiz, you're a rare brother. Not one in a hundred would have thought to do that. Mary Lee must love you for it."

"Nonsense, suh. Any gentleman in the Village has the right to walk with the lads of the street."

Tell spoke as if he were thinking aloud, and Witchell Ames' freckled face sobered suddenly, and for the fraction of a second he hesitated before answering.

"I reckon not suh—not exactly. I came to bring Mary Lee and I was sorta dawdling heah to make suh she got safely thru that crowd of rubba-necks, suh."

"Oh, I see. Whiz, you're a rare brother. No one in a hundred would have thought to do that. Mary Lee must love you for it."

"Yes, suh. But that's just the trouble, suh."

"Just what's the difficulty, Whiz?"

"Well, the question is, suh—would a gentleman be justified in making off with a bit of lady's personal property—something she wouldn't mind selling, you understand, but without her knowing it or telling him he could—so she could—well—p'raps enjoy Christmas a little more?"

"It's—it's stealing isn't it, Mistah Tell?"

Several moments passed before the man answered. Not that he needed time to decide the question. It had decided itself while he listened to the carefully impersonal but to him obvious problem. He was merely wondering why Fate dealt some square players such a rotten hand.

"Yes, I guess it is, Whiz. Most people would call it that anyway. But in the case of a gentleman concerned for a lady's happiness I should prefer to call it 'unauthorized appropriation.'"

"Yes, suh, so should I. I'm so glad you think so, too, because that's just what I've done."

Tell chuckled. "So—the mischief's already committed, is it? And now I suppose you want me to harbor the stolen goods until the danger of discovery is passed, eh, Whiz?"

Witchell laughed good-naturedly. "Not exactly, suh. But I shouldn't like your advice about disposing of 'em—unless you-all would be 'criminally implicating' yourself."

"Can't tell till I see the goods, Whiz. Come up and let's have a look at them."

"Thank you, suh."

But as Tell followed his guest into the light he forgot entirely the present errand in thinking of the boy himself.

Tell could well believe the odd history of his life that by now was well known in certain picked circles. He had been living in the Village now for six years, but he (Continued on page 11)
CHRISTMAS EVE
(Continued from page 9)

THE FLAMINGO

was a Southerner, the only son of an old Virginia family by his father's second marriage. His mother had died at his birth leaving only his half-sister, Mary Lee, then a girl of twenty, to care for him, for Mr. Ames was too burried in his grief to think even of his son. Mary Lee's own girlhood had been motherless and lonely, the carefully regular routine of governesses and tutors that a wealthy, abstracted father is likely to provide for his only child in such circumstances. Contrary to tradition, therefore, she had been wild with delight at the prospect of acquiring a stepmother. For this one was a woman much older than she, who had lived near her and been her soundest counselor and comforter for many years. What her feelings must have been then, after two short years, to know herself again motherless, Tell could only imagine. In the whole household she seemed the only one who cared exactly whether Witchell lived or died. For the old housekeeper and her staff had always covertly disapproved of Mr. Ames' second marriage. Perhaps this acted as an unusual stimulant to her natural affection and craving for companionship. At any rate she appointed herself Witchell's jealous guardian. And when, as a result of his own protracted neglect and utter indifference to living Mr. Ames' financial affairs collapsed, Mary stayed on in the old house, now fast falling into dilapidation, her father's chief comfort and the real head of the house.

Her early girlhood had been too carefully secluded to admit of many friendships with young people of her own age. And in the brief two years between her stepmother's advent and death Mary Lee had been too happy reveling in the new life of her father's home to think about one of her own. And since Witchell's birth she had devoted herself heart and soul to caring for him and her father until there had been no time to think of marrying. Even at that there had been opportunities,—plenty of them, sons of Virginia's most distinguished families, with a few rivals from foreign climes (with credentials ready at hand) who had wanted her to marry them. She deferred them all as she had deferred her long, and ardently but in the end none of them had had quite the courage to accept her terms,—to let her stay on caring for her father until his death, and permit her thereby to keep her. Perhaps from her suitor's standpoint she had been a little heartless about it—the very young are likely to be. But Mary Lee was not without heart herself,—a sensitive, loving heart eager for realized dreams. But it was coupled with a ruthless sense of duty and a determination to spend herself in the service of others that was absolutely immoveable. She alone knew what suffering the unhappy combination had cost her,—for the victory over self once achieved didn't stand. No, it was like a prisoner, only waiting for some unguarded moment to mutiny and force her to cut old wounds afresh in her effort to drown it.

Perhaps after all, when her father died in Witchell's eighth year, she hadn't been entirely sorry to leave the old home in Virginia. Yet from the standpoint of her own happiness, New York had been simply a move to another prison. It meant that from that time on she must put definitely on her. Perhaps from her suitors' standpoint she had been too happy reveling in the new life of her father's home, now fast falling into dilapidation, her father's chief comfort and the real head of the house.

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**SEERS**

Dreams crumble to dust and decay
Intangible, falling away;
They're the sparkle of a seer's eye,
Rhythm not time, brilliant hues mingled gray.

Dreams may be prophecies and less
Parents of laughter and tears.
One single song
Chords in the sum of man's years.

---

**LAST OF ALL**

November's a run
In sombre gray;
With cloak flowing beyond and blowing,
When night's begun,
When shadows sway.

December's a priest
With cowled head,
With drapings deep,
Sodden and queer,
Shriving the dead.

---

**THE FLAMINGO**

A reasonable doubt
The pessimists have that it is true
Based on Life—whose master is I doubt Death;
For as Life grows drowsy—like a striped tree
New shoots and leaves of 'knowledge' and 'experience'
Are the symbols of departing Youth.

The only part of Life that's worth doing
Until at last Life has become a drunk tank
With sapless core and barren, naked limbs
Waiting on the torch, to light it to oblivion.
To me: if only Life ran backward
Like the hands of a ceremonial clock
And Death deprived us of our Youth.

The only part of Life that's worth living,
Their philosophy would have more reason.

---

**WHICH GOT WHAT**

At last my opportunity has come and I've got a chance to do a little thing. I've got to hook this here issue. Many times as I read this paper I longed to relate some of my personal stories. When Dr. ed. said yes to my request, I speak up an' sez reckon I'll have to write Xmas an' have his affirmative jars me dizzy for all I can recommenter about Xmas in the tellin' of my story who was burned in the west by a can-'t ball, but no, no-thinks that wont do and I thinks about these goodless costumes I saw last year at the party, but did-don't fit either. After getting my head in a whirl by several minute ministrations, I think I'd like to write something that glows in my unfurnished upper, to let, and I decides to tell you about Jim Howe.

Now you know, you don't well I'm tellin' you I ain't, I was one of these city slickers what come out to board at our house during punkin' buckin' time to get time off the white-washed fences and incensed when they get a pole kink a' some other thought that all the girls wouldt be crazy about him, of course you understand as how he had a steady in the city, so after he took her around a bit, meaning the innover village bell, he decides to send all of his two admirers Xmas presents.

So he gets a cut glass sparger for the co-ed and a swell pair of big red ear anchors for the R.F.D. As he was reparing the parcel the farmer yells at him to come help the pigs have got out again and when he came back from the bacon bating he rites the names on them that is of course on the parcels no didn't say marbles and sends them into town by the hired man. You see, the point well I can't help it I'm a clear riter aint I an don't need tell you that he got them mixed.

---

**THE FLAMINGO**

I wish I was a cannibal,
A woody little cannibal,
A wooly little cannibal,
A-living in the ocean,
I wish I was a cannibal,
A-living in the ocean,
I wish I was a cannibal,
A-living in the ocean,
I wish I was a cannibal,
A-living in the ocean.

---

**WHIS**

On grapefruit and bananas,
Great lucious ripe bananas,
I'd dance and eat, and make my bed beneath the tropic moon.
And with the breezes sighing,
The soft warm breezes sighing,
I'd slumber very soon.

There'd be no boshsome fashions,
No most annoying fashions,
To get up and snore perhaps in winter and in fall.
For the sleepy summer,
The gentle drowsy summer,
The sweet, caressing summer,
I'd wear no clothes at all.
And as for doing lessons,
Old, hard perplexed lessons,
No missionair'd wheel me no matter how they teased.
Oh, so content and lazy,
As doggoned fat and lazy
And stupid as I pleased!

---

**WHIS**

It was his first trip across.
He leaned towards her, under the white moon, while they stood at the stern gazing at the rippling wake.

"Darling," he whispered, "won't you marry me?"
This makes the seventh time, Harold, and I'm telling you positively.

"I'd just be dumb and lazy,
She's a clear riter aint I an don't need tell you that she got them mixed.

---

**WHIS**

She's a clear riter aint I an don't need tell you that she got them mixed.

---

**WHIS**

Poor girl! She's so awfully delicate.
"Yes, but she threw down the heaviest man on the team."
Christmas is a funny affair. What a mess we make of it! Tinsel and prayers, gifts and carols, a jingles and the wonderful poetry of the Bible, the Babe in the Manger. We almost forgot him. Mistletoe—and the Babe in the Manger. Oh yes, about covered up under the pile of tissue paper and colored string. But he doesn't mind—he's used to being forgotten, by now. Put him back behind the tree, and let's light the candles. There, now! Pretty, aren't they? Wonder who first thought up the idea of putting candles on a Christmas tree, and in the windows? Awfully cute, don't you know. They mean something or other; supposed to represent a star some shepherds saw about—oh, a long time ago, maybe two thousand years, almost. The night the Little Baby was born, out in a barn somewhere. Those foreigners have such low standards of living.

The tree's a whiz, don't you think? Lots of presents on it. From Fred, and John, and Mary, and Dad and Mother, and the Smiths; you know, folks that care for us. The Baby had something to do with that, too. When he grew up he said that we ought to care for more folks than we do; not just for our own family, and the Smiths, and maybe the Joneses, but for those snobbish Steinbocks down the street, and the messy Morinis across the alley, and the Chinese and Hindus and all those queer people a long way off. Fancy that! Oh, yes, grandpa came over in the steerage, but—well, we're different, now.

It made everybody mad when he said that, too. So they killed him— nailed him on a big wooden cross. The tree—it might be, now, that's what the Christmas tree is for; it's to represent the cross they killed him on. You'd never think it, would you all; sparkly with mica snow, and fixed up with candy and stuff, and tinsel all over it.

Strange, isn't it, how that little Babe behind the tree has something to do with everything about Christmas; the candles, and presents, and tree, but—it's his birthday, you see. And he was like that all the time. And when they couldn't make him shut up about their ruining their health, and stealing, and forgetting God, and not being sincere, and lying, why, they killed him. People so hate to tell the truth. It didn't do much good, though. Ever since then, folks that haven't done what he said to do have been despised by everybody, and nations that forget him disappear. Maybe what he said is true.

But as long as it's His birthday, let's bring Him out from behind the tree.

The Denisonian is to be congratulated; no longer is it an amateur paper; more and more it is exhibiting the highest types of professional inaccuracies. But—who started the rumor that it is published on Monday?

There should be a village ordinance passed requiring college men to wear mufflers with these new-style loud coats.

"If I believe what you say, I must admit that I misjudged him—in some ways," he said silently. "It must be so, because we read it in the Dispatch, but—try to say it that way yourself."

The boys stand around in the old Chapter House, on a winter holiday. That sets the whole town tipsy. "Tis more blessed to give than to receive!"

"Mass—" I just sent Johnny upstairs. He has been swearing like a trooper.

"Swearing again, eh?"

Pa ran upstairs to punish his heir. Having fulfilled his task, he shouted from the top of the stairs:

"I'll teach that boy of mine to swear!"

Suddenly tripping on the carpet at the top landing, he stumbled and fell the length of the staircase.

Ma: "Well, I think that will be enough for the first lesson!"

How Much for My Elephant?

Old Santa is a bally guy, never a word hard for his tongue. "Nowonder—your mother was a village idiot, you know.""No one understands me."

Father: "—youth, your mother was a telephone operator and your father a train announcer."

Mother: "Understand that Helen had an accident in her car."

"It didn't amount to much."

Father: "Neither she nor the car hurt?"

"No; it was a bullet."

"Only a little paint knocked off."

Officer: "—you see you're still at the counter to exchange."

"No; the other day I got stuck out."

Women are all alike. Then why bigamy?

Papaw's will be long remembered as the one prominent Englishman who did not lecture when he visited this country.

"After all, you have to give radio credit. No longer do little boys wear hairnet."

MISTLETOE—AND THE BABE IN THE MANGER

Christmas is a funny affair. What a mess we make of it! Tinsel and prayers, gifts and carols, a benevolent clown, Santa Claus, and the Wise Men, jingles and the wonderful poetry of the Bible, mistletoe—and the Babe in the Manger. Oh yes, the Babe in the Manger. We almost forgot him. He was so small, lying there on the straw, and just about covered up under the pile of tissue paper and colored string. But he doesn't mind—he's used to being forgotten, by now. Put him back behind the tree, and let's light the candles. There, now! Pretty, aren't they? Wonder who first thought up the idea of putting candles on a Christmas tree, and in the windows? Awfully cute, don't you know. They mean something or other; supposed to represent a star some shepherds saw about—oh, a long time ago, maybe two thousand years, almost. The night the Little Baby was born, out in a barn somewhere. Those foreigners have such low standards of living.
**Our Walking Date Primer**

For students enrolled in the first year of Denison's Great Outdoor Sport.

---

**GO SH!**

AND I WAS LATE TO BOTH OF 'EM!

---

**Pre-Xmas Sport**

Special Announcement!

---

**H'LO! THIS YOU DORA? YEH! WELL I FINGER WE'LL BETTER CALL OFF ALL OUR DATES BEGINNING NOW YEH! - SURE!**

**BECAUSE! YEH! PERHAPS WE CAN AGREE AFTER NEW YEAR'S AGAIN - YEH!**

---

**This is a cow. Cows give milk - butter and buttermilk. They are peaceful and will usually stand patting on the head for the entertainment of the dear co-eds.**

---

**This is a rooster. Roosters do not lay eggs but are valuable for their feathers.**

---

**Here is a duck. Ducks swim - quack - and strut their stuff.**

---

**Here is a pig. Pigs root - grunt - wiggle their tails they often have dirty feet so don't try to pick 'em up.**

---

**Here are birds. Birds live in nests and on birdseed.**

---

**Here we are from Xmas Black Glasses.**

---

**Pre-Xmas Sport Committee**
We sing the joys of college days,
Denison, our Denison,
Of pleasure's paths and wisdom's ways,
Denison, our Denison,
Of sparkling eyes and waving hair,
Denison, our Denison,
And tho' the years their changes bring,
Denison, our Denison,

And then he waited, pen poised
above an open check book. His
checks were good anywhere in the
nation. His

And say, if you'll let me,
I'll take these for Du Bois. He's
a dear friend of mine, you know.

Tell grinned back slyly. They
had had long, earnest discussions
over what Whiz should give Mary
Lee for Christmas, and when to-
ough. They

(Continued on page 22)
"THE GLOVER ROAD"

"The Trail to Happiness and a Bushy Head"

The Characters

Domino—Me Lord, the bawth is prepared.
Lord Len—Go to hell Domino.
Domino—But Mr. Nick, it says on the bottle, "Dandruff dances daintily—"
Lord Len—Stop Domino. I'll use it under protest. I'll use it under protest.
Domino—But Mr. Nick, it says on the bottle, "Dandruff dances daintily—"
Lord Len—Nothing as far as I can see.

He—"Oh, my sucker's broke!"
She—"I'll take and hands it to Nick who
takes and takes a look at my head when he comes in.

Scene—Lord Len's Bachelor quarters

Act One. (and only)

Lord Len—Bring me some breakfast.
Domino—Has me Lord any preferences?

Lord Len—Ham sandwiches, Domino.
Domino—What kind of sandwiches do you prefer?

Lord Len—Preferably ham, Domino.
Domino—Here are the sandwiches me Lord.

Lord Len—Did you sleep well last night, Mr. Nick?
Domino—Well I didn't sleep bad.

Lord Len—Were you warm, Mr. Nick?
Domino—Well I wasn't cold.

Lord Len—Does your head feel bad, Mr. Nick?
Domino—Well it don't feel good.

Lord Len—You aren't very cheerful this morning, Mr. Nick.
Domino—Well I'm not glad. I was out last night.

Lord Len—I'm taking my bawth, Mr. Nick.
Domino—Pretty Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.

Lord Len—Bring me some breakfast.
Domino—Has me Lord any preferences?

Lord Len—Sandwiches, Domino.
Domino—Does me Lord wish to treat them all the same.

Lord Len—Yes Domino, give all the boys ham sandwiches.
Domino—If me Lord wishes such.

Lord Len—Bring me some breakfast.
Domino—Does me Lord wish to treat them all the same.

Lord Len—Yes Domino, give all the boys ham sandwiches.

Lord Len—I'm taking my bawth, Mr. Nick.
Domino—Pretty Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.

Lord Len—Bring me some breakfast.
Domino—Does me Lord wish to treat them all the same.

Lord Len—Yes Domino, give all the boys ham sandwiches.

Lord Len—I'm taking my bawth, Mr. Nick.
Domino—Pretty Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.

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Lord Len—Yes Domino, give all the boys ham sandwiches.

Lord Len—I'm taking my bawth, Mr. Nick.
Domino—Pretty Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.

Lord Len—Bring me some breakfast.
Domino—Does me Lord wish to treat them all the same.

Lord Len—Yes Domino, give all the boys ham sandwiches.
sandwiches Domino. Make no exceptions, serve them each and everyone.

(Domino leaves room.)

Mr. N.—(With eyes closed he lifts the bottle and tips it above his head as if expecting to see anything, when once he opens his eyes. Pours and then once more opens his eyes.) Well I'll be damned! RED HAIR! Harrumph! Annie loves the red-haired Irish.

Mr. D.—(In the other room.) Mei Lord serves ham-sandwiches for all the boys!

The End of the Road—

H. G. P.

SANTA CLAUS BETRAYED

CHRISTMAS EVE

(Continued from page 19)

"Charity," painted by Hubert Debird, and now in the possession of Mr. Hilton Lewes, has been donated by its owner to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. At the time of its purchase the artist was a pneumonia patient in the free ward at Bellevue as a result of overwork and exposure. Thanks to Mr. Lewes' discovery he is now recognized as one of America's leading younger artists.

"Should have put him in the insane ward instead," growled Tell. "Another slight mistake in diagnosis."

He stood awhile longer staring at the picture, a smile of utter contempt on his face.

"Patty—absolute putty! Nothing but a pot-blower and under-done at that—Bah! Real art will never get anywhere until these driving sentimentalists die off, or see fit to put their organs in the right ward and keep them there and the bells of St. Andrews chimed twelve.

Domino leaves room."

When CRASH! The new Victoria fell from an upper branch to his head. "Oh,—Hi—Li! Wifey, Tell me where I am! Coo-coo! Tweet! Tweet! Blank! Blank! D—N!!—??—ZQXL!!11111!

Steve jumped up with a joyous cry.

And Steve climbed up in his mother's lap.

His quivering lips puckered into a pout.

As he sobbed, "I—just-can't figure it out."

Great tears rolled down the young man's cheeks.

Leaving behind them clean, white streaks.

The children snickered to see poor Steve's great dark eyes had opened wide.

Mr. Lewes' discovery he is now recognized as one of America's leading younger artists.

The others had found out long ago.

The name of the fellow who said, "You know I come from the land where snow-balls grow!" Hello there, Steve! Say, here's a new cap!"

"Should have put him in the insane ward instead," growled Tell. "Another slight mistake in diagnosis."

And Steve climbed up in his mother's lap.

His quivering lips puckered into a pout.

As he sobbed, "I—just-can't figure it out."

Great tears rolled down the young man's cheeks.

Leaving behind them clean, white streaks.

The children snickered to see poor Steve's great dark eyes had opened wide.

Mr. Lewes' discovery he is now recognized as one of America's leading younger artists.

"Patty—absolute putty! Nothing but a pot-blower and under-done at that—Bah! Real art will never get anywhere until these driving sentimentalists die off, or see fit to put their organs in the right ward and keep them there and the bells of St. Andrews chimed twelve."

Out from his socks he drew his watch and chain.

Mollypop and a chu-chu-train.

He clotted with gloom at the things he found.

Then his face grew stern. The young man frowned.

At the problem that puzzled him every year.

"How could Santa Claus get in here?"

He locked the windows—the doors below.

How—Oh, it's no use! But, I don't see how all the kids have found out but me.

He skipped downstairs with candy and toys.

To the happy group of girls and boys.

Gathered outside of the parlor door.

Then suddenly Santa's hearty roar.

And ten jolly children rushed inside.

And he shouted, "Now I know! It's DAD!" (Moral: Is it right to deceive children?)

Steve jumped up with a joyous cry.

With a swipe of his sleeve his eyes were dry.

His face was bright and his smile was glad.

And he shouted, "Now I know! It's DAD!"

"Mother, must I wash my face?"

"Why certainly."

"Aw, why can't I just powder it like you do yours?"

"Go ahead."

"He—"Pardon is no disgrace."

She—"No, but that's all that can be said for it."

"Another slight mistake in diagnosis."

He stood awhile longer staring at the picture, a smile of utter contempt on his face.

"Patty—absolute putty! Nothing but a pot-blower and under-done at that—Bah! Real art will never get anywhere until these driving sentimentalists die off, or see fit to put their organs in the right ward and keep them there and the bells of St. Andrews chimed twelve."
The Flamingo

Oh, Shoot!

"Understand the girls are taking up International Law."

"Huh?"

"Yeh. Rifle practice."

"The flowers that bloom in the spring—"

What they mean, I cannot guess.

The only posies in our spring

Are bugs and water-cress.

Woman at the Door — "You say you're an educated man?"

Weary Willie — "Yes, mum. I'm a roads scholar."

BUT

A lad a-fishin' In the brook;

The day is spent, And so is he.

The bait is gone, Ditto, the hook.

Life ain't what it's

Cracked up to be.

September's nigh, The schoolma'am's nigher

The chillun's happy, So is she.

But

With dividend And multiplier, Life ain't what it's

Cracked up to be.

Away from home, Away from pa, An education, Son is free!

But

Such rules and bills He never saw; Life ain't what it's

Cracked up to be.

It doesn't depend, They all deny, Upon the time Or energy, But

Sometimes a guy Can NOT get by, Life ain't what it's

Cracked up to be.

She smiled, He smiled; (Fate smiled, too.)

Magnetism, Ecstasy! But

He found another, Who was true; Life ain't what it's

Cracked up to be.

Truthik: "How did the whale that swallowed Jonah obey the divine law?"

Anthin: "How?"

Truthik: "Jonah was a stranger and he took him in."

How proud he is! Commencement day!

The world subdued He now can see. But

With tribute folks Forget to pay, Life ain't what it's

Cracked up to be.

Lives are happy, Lives are sad,

Lives are good, Lives are bad,

But

With all this livin', 'Twee you an' me, Life ain't what it's

Cracked up to be.

E J H.

J. Gustavius Roscoe Pack

Thinks this a very hard world to buck;

Just south of town, He was run down,

As he picked up a horseshoe for buck.

"She has everything she needs to make her happy;"

"Silly! It's the things she doesn't need that a woman has to have to make her happy."

Judge—"I understand you and your wife had some words;"

Prisoner—"I had some, but I didn't get to use them."

French Without a Struggle

Love makes full many a man do brave

And noble things, tres utile.

When I'm in love, alas, it seems Only to make me futile.

Aussi.

No Place for a Union Man

Sam and Rastus had been the closest of friends on earth, but when they died, they went to opposite places. So one day, Sam called up Rastus and asked him how he liked it down there.

"Like it fine!" said Rastus; "All Ah has to do is wear a red suit with horns on it, shovel a little coal for about an hour with de rest of de gang, and 'den jest set aroun'. Oh, it's an easy Hie' Whut has you-all got ter do?"

"We's jest worked ter death, replied Sam; "Get up at fo' in de mawnin', bring in de stahs, an' one gang hauls de sun aroun all day whiles de rest ob us exercises de clouds, an' when night comes we got ter hang out all de stahs again an' den we spends de night ridin' herd on de cornets. We don' get no rest at all."

"How come youall wuhk so hahd? Ah tho't youall must nab it pretty easy."

"Well," said Sam, "ter tell yun de truth, Rastus, we's awful short o' help up here."
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—Brown Bull.
Question—What color is best for a bride?
Answer—Matter of taste. Better get a white one.
—Voo Doo.

On a Cook's Tour we went to Hamburg, Bologne, Sardinia, Chile, Sandwich Islands, Bermuda and Swiss Mountains and by the time we reached Russia we were extremely hungry, Soviet.
—Dirge.

To tell whether or not a man is married, notice whether he carries a baby like a lighted lamp or an overcoat.
—Chaparral.

Prof.—"How many kinds of poetry are there?"
His Victim—"Three."
Prof.—"Name them."
H. V.—"Lyric, dramatic, and epidemic."
—Bison.

Kidney: "Let's eat here."
Stew: "No, let's eat up the street."
Kidney: "No, I don't think I could digest asphalt."
—Log.
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JEWELER AND OPTOMETRIST

She: Are most football players fraternity men?
He: Yes, they are nearly all Phi Taus. —Witt.

Freshman—What is love’s labor lost?
Senior—A bunch of soaks pulling off a serenade
outside a deaf and dumb seminary. —Chaparral.

Ruff—My feet’s wet.
Tuff—Do they?
Ruff—Naw—they is. —Chaparral.

Suggestion for popular song: She may be my
Venus de Milo, but she’s anything but armless.
—Tiger.
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YOUTH will be served," said the cannibals as they speared the young missionary." — Ranger.

Athletic—I have a chance for the track team. Pathetic—Are they going to raffle it off?

"And do you know, he tried to hold my hand the first time I met him." — Lemon Punch.

"No, only fair."

She: "Kissing affects the brain," He: "You're crazy." — Siren.

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DOESN'T GO FAR ENOUGH

That is true enough, as far as it goes. But he neglected to say that a hundred per cent of the girls who marry are working men.

—DU—
Lemon Punch.

He—“I wish we had never met. Before we were married I had a nice balance in the bank, and now...”
She—“But, darling, don't you understand that love makes the world go around?”
He—“Yes, but I didn't think it would go so fast as to make me lose my balance.”

—Witt.

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